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Allen County Public Library

2012 Poetry Contest

Just
Write
It!



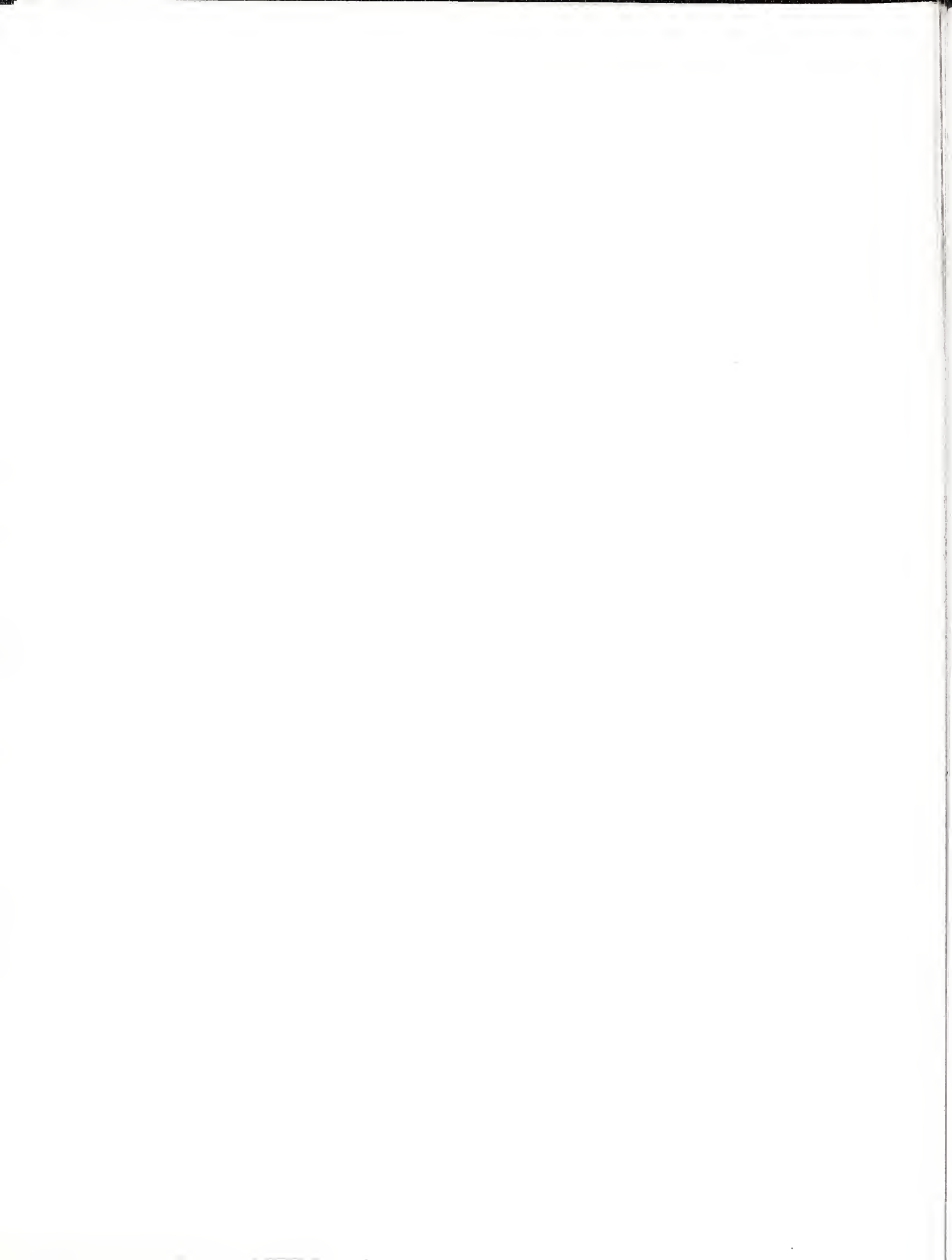
30th Annual Poetry Contest

Sponsored by:

Friends of the Library
Young Adults' Services
Children's Services



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2012 Poetry Contest
Allen County Public Library

Just Write It!

Thank you to the over eleven hundred children and young adults
who submitted poems for this contest.

Thank you also to our judges:

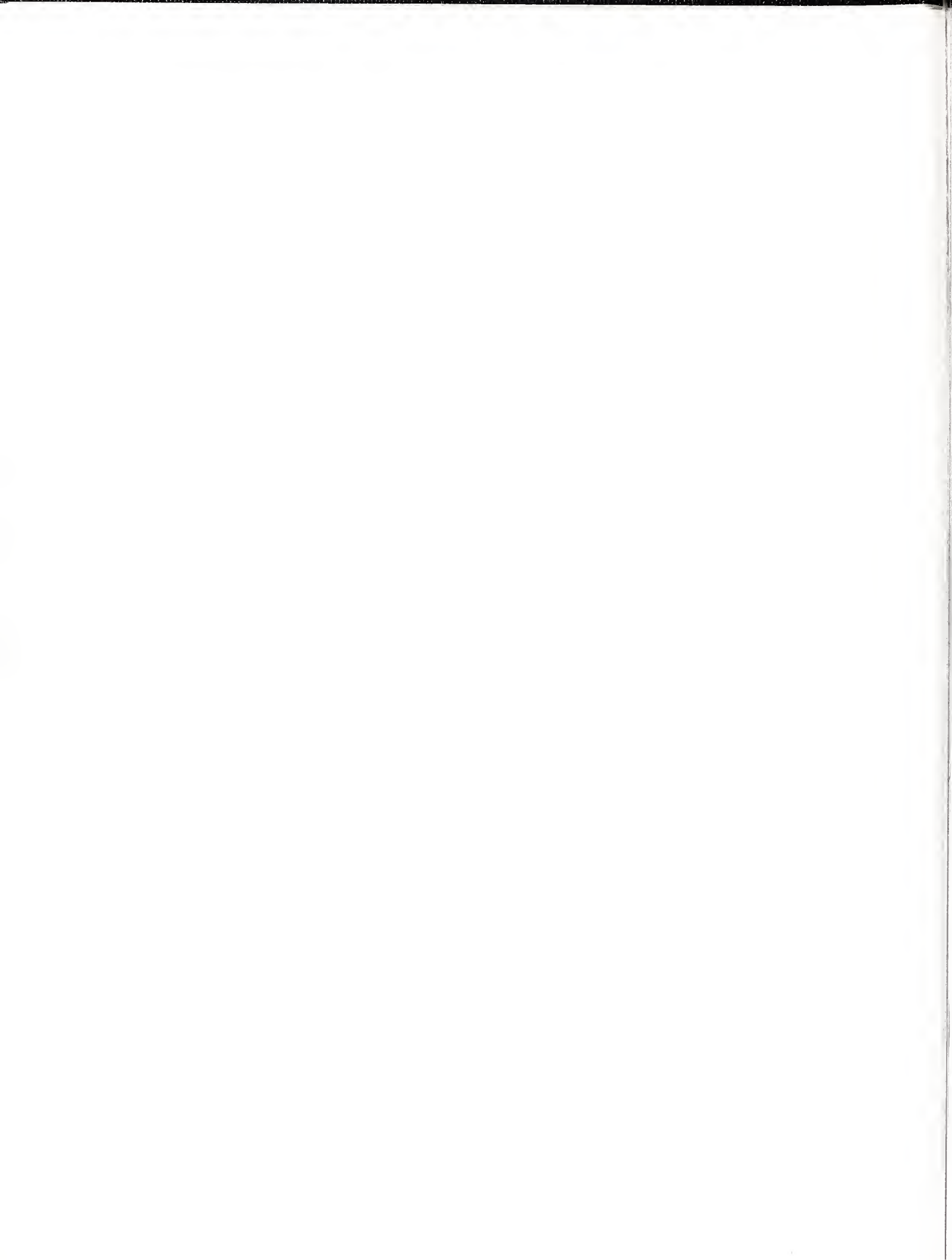
Helen Presser	Canterbury Lower School
Cindy Steury	Huntington University
Bob Jones	Retired Teacher
Fran Hewett	Croninger Elementary
Katie Tunis	Imagine School on Broadway
Susi Jones	Hoagland Elementary
Betty Stein	Memorial Park Middle School
Mark Hewett	Croninger Elementary
Tammy Miller	Woodlan Junior/Senior High School

Mary R. Voors
Children's Services
421-1220



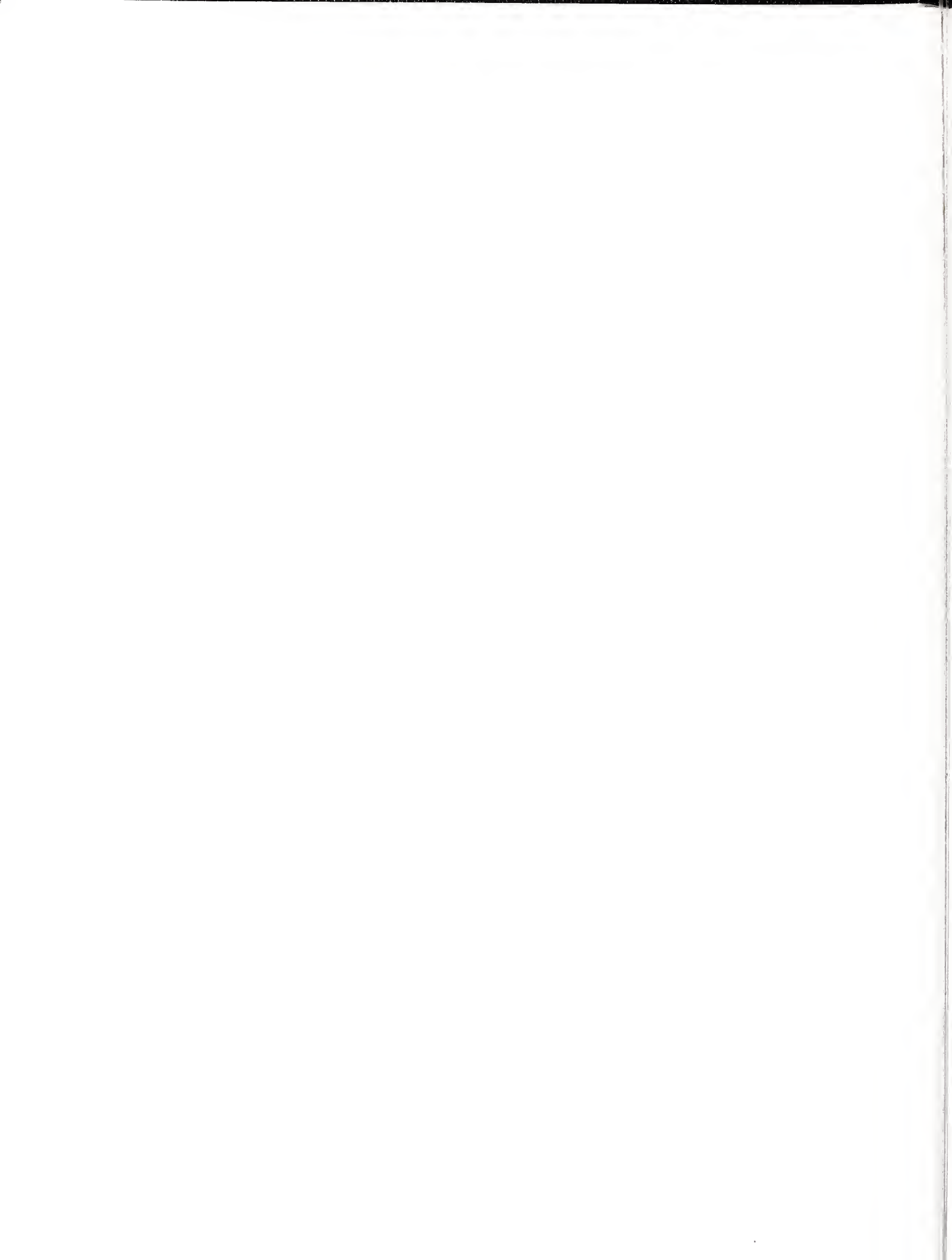
Peggy Vaniman
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900 Library Plaza
Fort Wayne, IN 46802
(260) 421-1200
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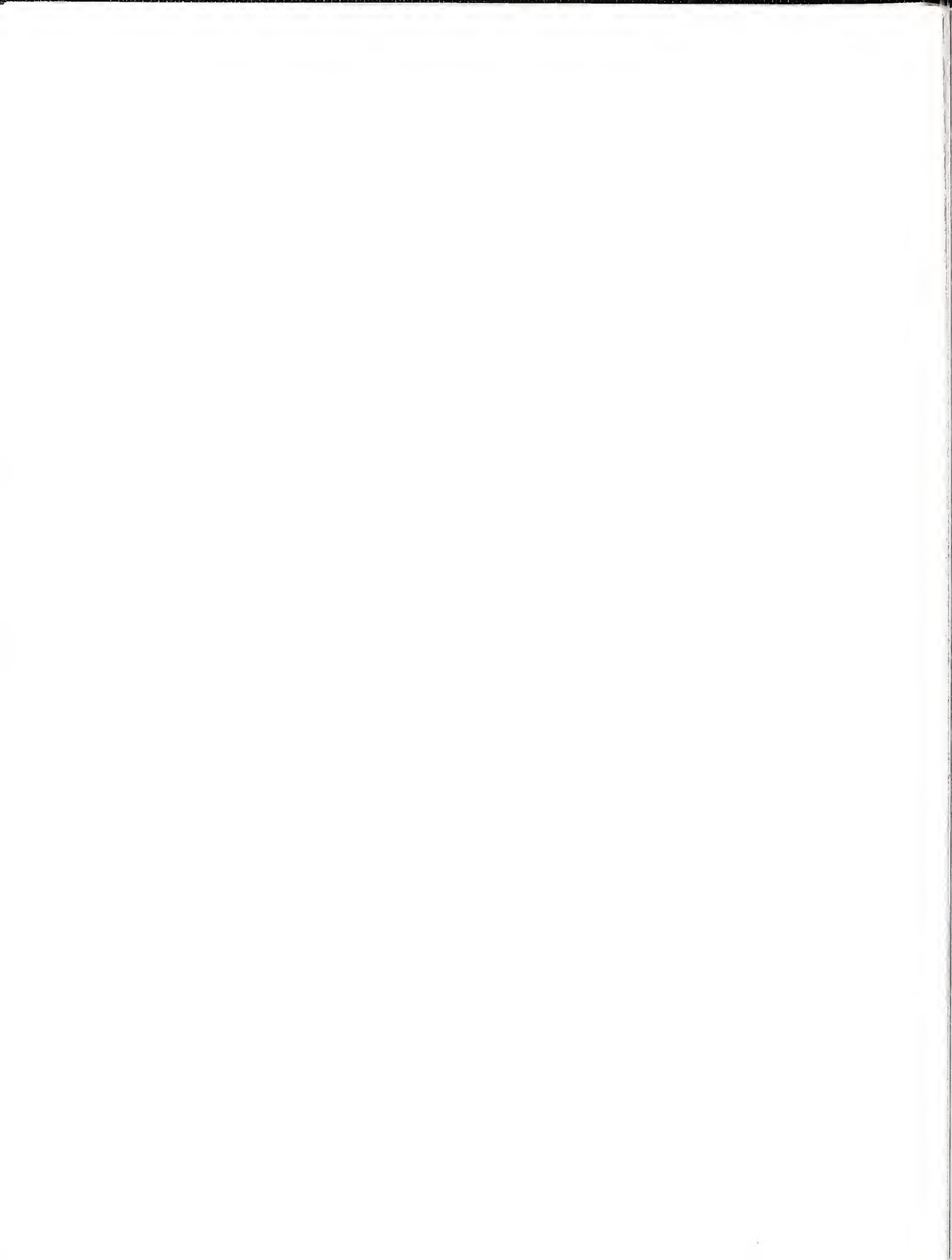


Grade	Place	Name of Poem	Name	School
Kindergarten	1 st Place	I Love Trucks	Cameron Willwerth	Eel River
Kindergarten	2 nd Place	Yellow Stuff	Liam Snyder	Canterbury
Kindergarten	3 rd Place	Friends Can	Adderly Surack	Canterbury
Kindergarten	Honorable Mention	My Teacher	Lauren Biggs	Canterbury
Grade 1	1 st Place	Cars	Evan Salah	Canterbury
Grade 1	2 nd Place	The Acorn	Tara Tun	Southwick
Grade 1	3 rd Place	Spanky	Katie Grace Schaefer	Haverhill
Grade 1	Honorable Mention	untitled	Brooklyn Woodward	Hickory Center
Grade 2	1 st Place	Yuck	Allison Smith	Emmanuel-St. Michael
Grade 2	2 nd Place	Couplets	Kiran Kulkarni	Canterbury
Grade 2	3 rd Place	Broccoli and Cheese	Campbell Twomey	Emmanuel-St. Michael
Grade 2	Honorable Mention	untitled	Rachel Musgrave	Emmanuel-St. Michael
Grade 3	1 st Place	"Volleyball, Volleyball"	Reagan Salzbrenner	Central Lutheran
Grade 3	2 nd Place	Butterflies	Ashton Widenhoefer	Central Lutheran
Grade 3	3 rd Place	Pigs	Adrienne Spieth	Central Lutheran
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	Homonym	Makayla Woodbury	Homeschool
Grade 4	1 st Place	The Perfect Tree	Kristina Urberg	Canterbury
Grade 4	2 nd Place	Dream	Lauren Butler	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 4	3 rd Place	untitled	Daniel Coker	Canterbury
Grade 4	Honorable Mention	Owl Chicks	Gabby Spier	Canterbury
Grade 5	1 st Place	The Fall Dragon	Nathan Phuong	Aboite
Grade 5	2 nd Place	Autumn	Kristen Davis	Croninger
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Ferrets co-written with Jalyynn Heinkel	Breanna Banks	Holland
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Ferrets co-written with Breanna Banks	Jalyynn Heinkel	Holland
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Halloween Fright	Mackenzie Anderson	Haverhill
Grade 5	Honorable Mention	Just Me	Madeline Hildreth	Canterbury
Grade 6	1 st Place	untitled	Paulina Rodriguez	Miami
Grade 6	2 nd Place	Books	Sarah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 6	3 rd Place	Just Write It	Simone Corey	Memorial Park Middle School
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	My Favorite Utensil	Alejandro Lopez	Memorial Park Middle School

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Grade	Place	Name of Poem	Name	School
Grade 5	1 st Place	The Fall Dragon	Nathan Phuong	Aboite
Grade 11	2 nd Place	The Traveler	Jane Freistroffer	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	1 st Place	I Dance	Becca Gunter	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	Honorable Mention	Guardian Angel	Eliese Kurtzweg	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 12	1 st Place	A round moon at that night	Mingyi Sum	Bishop Dwenger
Kindergarten	Honorable Mention	My Teacher	Lauren Biggs	Canterbury
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Grade 3	3 rd Place	Pigs	Adrienne Spieth	Central Lutheran
Grade 3	2 nd Place	Butterflies	Ashton Widenhoefer	Central Lutheran
Grade 4	2 nd Place	Dream	Lauren Butler	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 12	Honorable Mention	untitled	Taryn Ahmed	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 10	3 rd Place	Living Without You	Taylor Bryant	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 9	Honorable Mention	The Fight for Unity	Nick Coomer	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 12	3 rd Place	untitled	Larraine Graham	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 9	2 nd Place	Spring	Alex Koenemann	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 9	1 st Place	Favorite Things	Dominic Perugini	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 9	3 rd Place	Music	Aaron Reynolds	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 10	2 nd Place	Silent leaves	Justin Swan	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 5	2 nd Place	Autumn	Kristen Davis	Croninger
Kindergarten	1 st Place	I Love Trucks	Cameron Willwerth	Eel River
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Grade 2	1 st Place	Yuck	Allison Smith	Emmanuel-St. Michael
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Grade 1	3 rd Place	Spanky	Katie Grace Schaefer	Haverhill
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Halloween Fright	Mackenzie Anderson	Haverhill Elementary



Grade 1	Honorable Mention	untitled	Brooklyn Woodward	Hickory Center
Grade 6	2 nd Place	Books	Sarah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Ferrets co-written with Jalynn Heinkel	Breanna Banks	Holland
Grade 5	3 rd Place	Ferrets co-written with Breanna Banks	Jalynn Heinkel	Holland
Grade 7	3 rd Place	That Feeling	Kirsten Lindow	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	1 st Place	Pencil	Jacob Tom	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 10	1 st Place	We Will Cope	Hannah Beer	Homeschool
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	Homonym	Makayla Woodbury	Homeschool
Grade 11	3 rd Place	Tears	Claire Gardner	Leo
Grade 7	1 st Place	Fear	Randy Swim	Leo
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	Nervous	Ricky Broemmel	Memorial Park
Grade 6	3 rd Place	Just Write It	Simone Corey	Memorial Park
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	My Favorite Utensil	Alejandro Lopez	Memorial Park
Grade 7	2 nd Place	What are we made of?	Hannah Moore	Memorial Park
Grade 8	3 rd Place	Another Day	Audrey Seantlin	Memorial Park
Grade 6	1 st Place	untitled	Paulina Rodriguez	Miami
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	Just Tell Me	Joycelynn Witherspoon	New Tech Academy
Grade 7	Honorable Mention	Be Wary of Wolves	Hannah Weaver	Pax Classical Academy
Grade 12	2 nd Place	If I Were a Rose	Emily Barrand	South Side
Grade 1	2 nd Place	The Acorn	Tara Tun	Southwick
Grade 7	Honorable	Winter	Grace Kepple	Summit
Grade 8	2 nd Place	The Autumn Dance	Corinne Routh	Woodside

Winners by Poet's Last Name

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Grade 12	3rd Place	untitled	Lorraine Graham	Concordia Lutheran
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Kindergarten-1st Place
Cameron Willwerth

Eel River Elementary

I Love Trucks

Diggers, diggers, yellow and tall
Forklifts, forklifts, yellow and small
Rollers, rollers, big and round
Graders, graders, scraping the ground

Cranes, cranes, up so high
Up so high, in the sky
Frontend loaders lifting up dirt
Construction workers in their bright yellow shirts

I Love Trucks!

Kindergarten-2nd Place
Liam Snyder

Canterbury School

Yellow Stuff

Sun.

Macaroni and cheese.

Stars.

Pencils.

I like yellow.

Kindergarten-3rd Place
Adderly Surack

Canterbury School

Friends can

Friends can run.

Friends can play.

Friends can walk.

Kindergarten-Honorable Mention
Lauren Biggs

Canterbury School

My Teacher

She teaches.
She's kind.
I love her hugs,
Oh, Mrs. Laipple.
She loves me.

First Grade-1st Place
Evan Salah

Canterbury School

Cars

Cars, cars
I see cars everywhere
I go.
and they are in parking
lots just for show.

Cars, cars I
see cars
Vroom, Vroom
they go uphill
and downhill all
around town.

Cars, Cars I
see cars
We buy cars
to drive around
to see the stars.

First Grade-2nd Place
Tara Tun

Southwick Elementary

The Acorn

A hard hat
For a mouse
Or a lizard.
The top looks like a cookie jar.
It is mixed with
Black and brown stripes

First Grade-3rd Place
Katie Grace Schaefer

Haverhill Elementary

Spanky

Spanky Spanky quite contrary
how does your fur grow? A bark
here and a bark there. I just
don't know.

First Grade-Honorable Mention
Brooklyn Woodward

Hickory Center

Roses are red
violets are blue
I count to
two one, two.
I have two
bunnies they
look just like
you, they are so so
cute.

Second Grade-1st Place
Allison Smith

Emmanuel-St. Michael

“Yuck”

I hate having salmon for dinner.
I'd rather starve, and get thinner.
It's grey and it's pink
And it really does stink
I hate having salmon for dinner.

Second Grade-2nd Place
Kiran Kulkarni

Canterbury School

COUPLETS

WHAT IS A BUNNY WITHOUT A TAIL?
WHAT IS A STORM WITHOUT ANY HAIL?

WHAT IS A CHAIR WITHOUT ANY LEGS?
WHAT IS A BOARD WITHOUT ANY PEGS?

WHAT IS A COW WITHOUT A HERD?
WHAT IS A BOOK WITHOUT A WORD?

WHAT IS A BED WITHOUT ANY SHEETS?
WHAT IS A PERSON WITHOUT ANY PEEPS?

WHAT IS A DESERT WITHOUT ANY SNAKES?
WHAT IS A PARTY WITHOUT ANY CAKES?

WHAT IS A WITCH WITHOUT A CAT?
WHAT IS A MAN WITHOUT A HAT?

WHAT IS A BUTTERFLY WITHOUT ANY WINGS?
WHAT ARE PEOPLE WITHOUT A KING?

Second Grade-3rd Place
Campbell Twomey

Emmanuel St. Michael

Broccoli and Cheese

On Saturday night my mom put
broccoli and cheese on my plate.

I wanted steak, but it was too late.

The broccoli and cheese snarled and growled
and got bigger and bigger and bigger
as I sat.

So big, I thought it would eat my cat.

I stabbed it with my fork before it got Lucy.

I ate it real fast, it was cheesy and juicy!

It tasted so good I couldn't believe
my taste buds.

It was almost as tasty as Milk Duds.

Mom, can we eat more tomorrow night?

"We're having carrots," I'll be up for the fight!

Second Grade-Honorable Mention
Rachel Musgrave

Emmanuel-St. Michael

Fast that you scream your head off! Uh haaa! Disney has lots of exciting rides! Expedition Everest is a fantastic roller coaster where the Yeti chases you! The tower of Terror drops several stories so

Third Grade-1st Place
Reagan Salzbrenner

Central Lutheran

Volleyball, Volleyball

Volleyball, volleyball, oh how I love to play,
I go outside and practice every day.
A bump, a spike, or a set,
Sends the ball zooming over the net,
I practice my serve, hitting the ball SMACK!
I jump up high to get the attack.
Scoring a point, my team goes wild... hooray,
I am the volleyball hero today.

Third Grade-2nd Place
Ashton Widenhoefer

Central Lutheran

Butterflies

Beautiful Wings

Silent Landing

Fluttering Softly Through The Air

Tiny Body

Nature's Peaceful Gift

Third Grade-3rd Place
Adrienne Spieth

Central Lutheran

PIGS

Pigs roll in mud.

Pigs don't chew cud.

Pigs eat slop.

Pigs never stop.

Pigs are pink.

Pigs really stink.

Pigs aren't clean.

Pigs aren't lean.

Pigs root with their nose.

Pigs don't have toes.

Pigs have beady eyes.

Pigs draw flies.

Pigs tails are curly.

I like them surely.

Third Grade-Honorable Mention
Makayla Woodbury

Homeschool

Homonym

We play the Wii on
family Wii night.
And we have so much
fun we yell, "Wee!"

Fourth Grade-1st Place
Kristina Urberg

Canterbury School

The Perfect Tree

Climb up, way up high
Lift your wings and you can fly,
And touch the pretty blue sky.

Feel the wind whipping your hair,
See the view and stop and stare.
In nature's secret lair.

Shade and a natural ladder,
Nothing else seems to matter
In my beautiful, beautiful tree
Come along and join me.

Fourth Grade-2nd Place
Lauren Butler

Concordia Lutheran

Dream

below my bed
upon a star
in the wind
until it ends
Within the darkness
Without light
into the night
Toward the bed

Sleepy head
Sleep tight
Off to bed!

Fourth Grade-3rd Place
Daniel K. Coker

Canterbury School

Butterfly flying,
Wings flapping feverishly,
With amazing grace.

Fourth Grade-Honorable Mention
Gabby Spier

Canterbury School

Owl Chicks

Fluffy little balls,
Waiting at the nest for mom.
To spread their wings out wide.

Fifth Grade-1st Place
Nathan Phuong

Aboite Elementary

The Fall Dragon

As the wind whispers through the trees
The Fall dragon approaches
Moonlight shines over the dragon
An elegant shadow hangs over the small house
The odor of baked apples swirls momentarily
Dew drops shine like fading stars
I climb onto the dragon's back
We fly effortlessly into the night
Wind streams past us, like a never-ending river
The brilliant gold and orange of fall is laid out beneath
A map of intricate patterns and movement
Soaring higher than the birds
Our goal is freedom, into the skies
Nothing can stop us now, we are free
A gust of wind knocks us off course

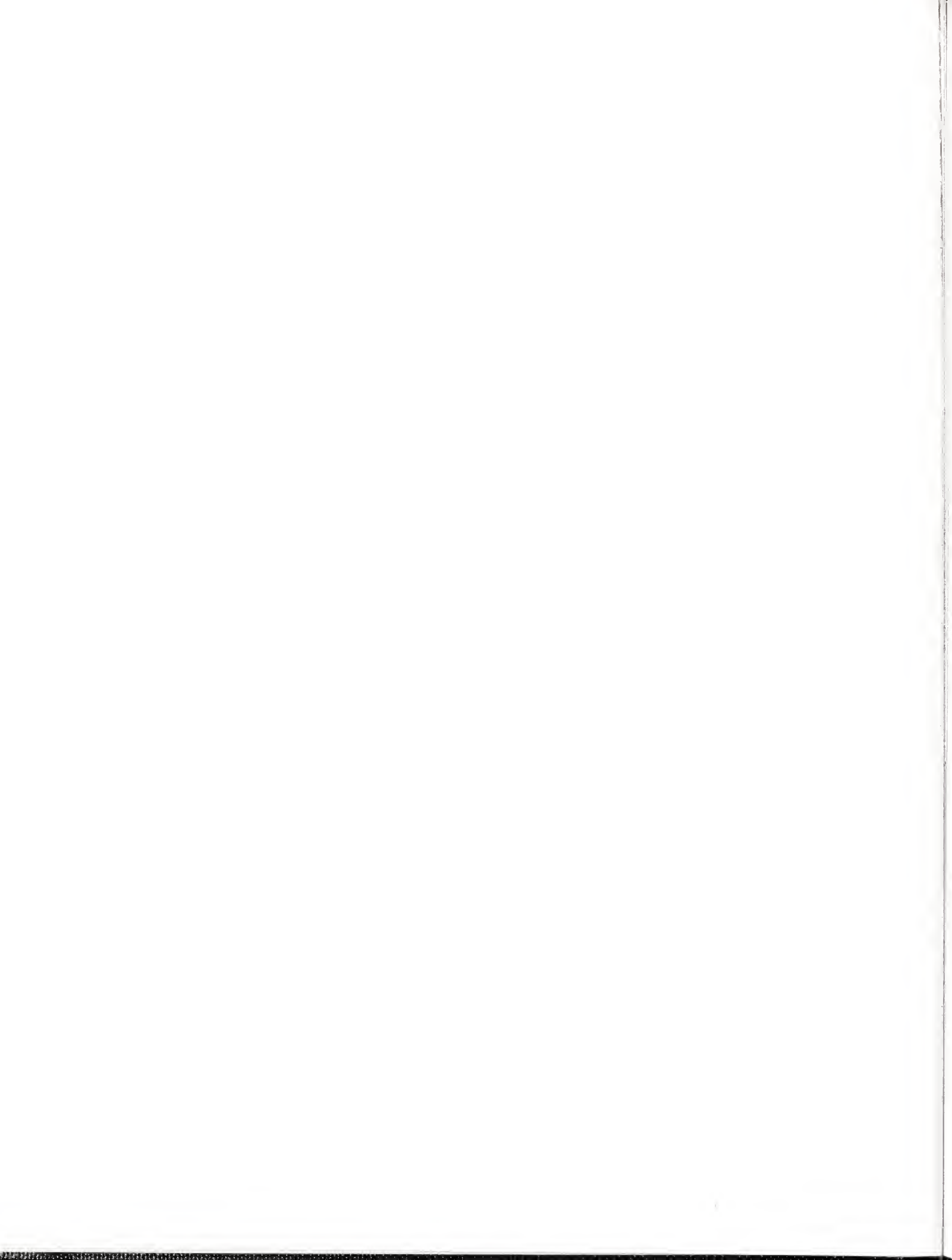
We tumble through the crisp air in a freefall
Shooting down at unimaginable speeds
The landscape blurs together
Stopping is not possible now
We hit a hill and everything dims to black
W suddenly take off again
Over the clouds and beyond the shimmering moon
Reaching the library, opening a book
Falling asleep on the dragon's back
Its scales like a cascade of water
The warmth lulls me evermore
Lights blazing behind us
The howls of unseen creatures
Must escape or be taken
Our minds go numb
Faster, faster, faster, faster
The wind absorbs all heat
Spiraling into a pit
Wake up on leaves of emerald green
Springing up and looking around
Final ride of the year
Memories begin to come back
To the library, returning the book
Flying back as rain begins to fall
The rain comes in sheets like liquid diamond
Mats my hair down, but I don't notice
A single bolt of lightning strikes the ground
Ash replaces the ground that was there
The ground steams with two forces colliding
Last time, last time forever
Stimulating me to make a final good-bye
My portrait and in return, a scale
"Farewell", I whispered as the Fall Dragon disappeared forever

Fifth Grade-2nd Place
Kristen Davis

Croninger Elementary

Autumn

The autumn sun is
Shining on me,
And I can feel
A soothing breeze.
Falling leaves



Brush against my skin
And open up
a joy within.
Autumn gives me
a chance to be free
To be whoever I
Want to be.
I climb up a tree
to jump down again
I chase away squirrels
My feisty brown friends
I gather up fruit
And pick some crops
I don't ever
Want to stop.
The autumn sky
is soft and blue,
Overhead, I hear
A jay bird coo:
"Summertime
Has come and gone.
Yet lovely autumn
Still lives on.
Stay, autumn,
My wondrous friend.
For me,
You will never end."
But autumn comes
And autumn goes.
I sure do miss her
When it snows!
The snow is surely
Six feet deep.
When I'm outside,
I can't utter a peep!
Since the snow is far
Above my head
I will stay
Inside instead
Dreaming of autumn
And sunny skies
Great Thanksgivings
Pumpkin pies
Dreaming of plums
Plump and sweet
Piles of leaves

Nature's fun treat
A Thanksgiving feast
With food galore
Oh, autumn leaves me
Wanting more.
This chilly season
We're in now,
Makes me think,
"Holy Cow!"
Weeks ago
I was having such fun.
I really miss that
Autumn sun.
Once the weather felt so nice,
Now the street is solid ice!
I wish, I hope, I must pretend
That lovely autumn did not just
end.

Fifth Grade-3rd Place
Breanna Banks and Jalyynn Heinkel

Holland Elementary

Ferrets

Ferrets are...

Ferrets are...

ugly.

cute and cuddly.

I dislike ferrets.

I love ferrets.

I have to run and chase them.

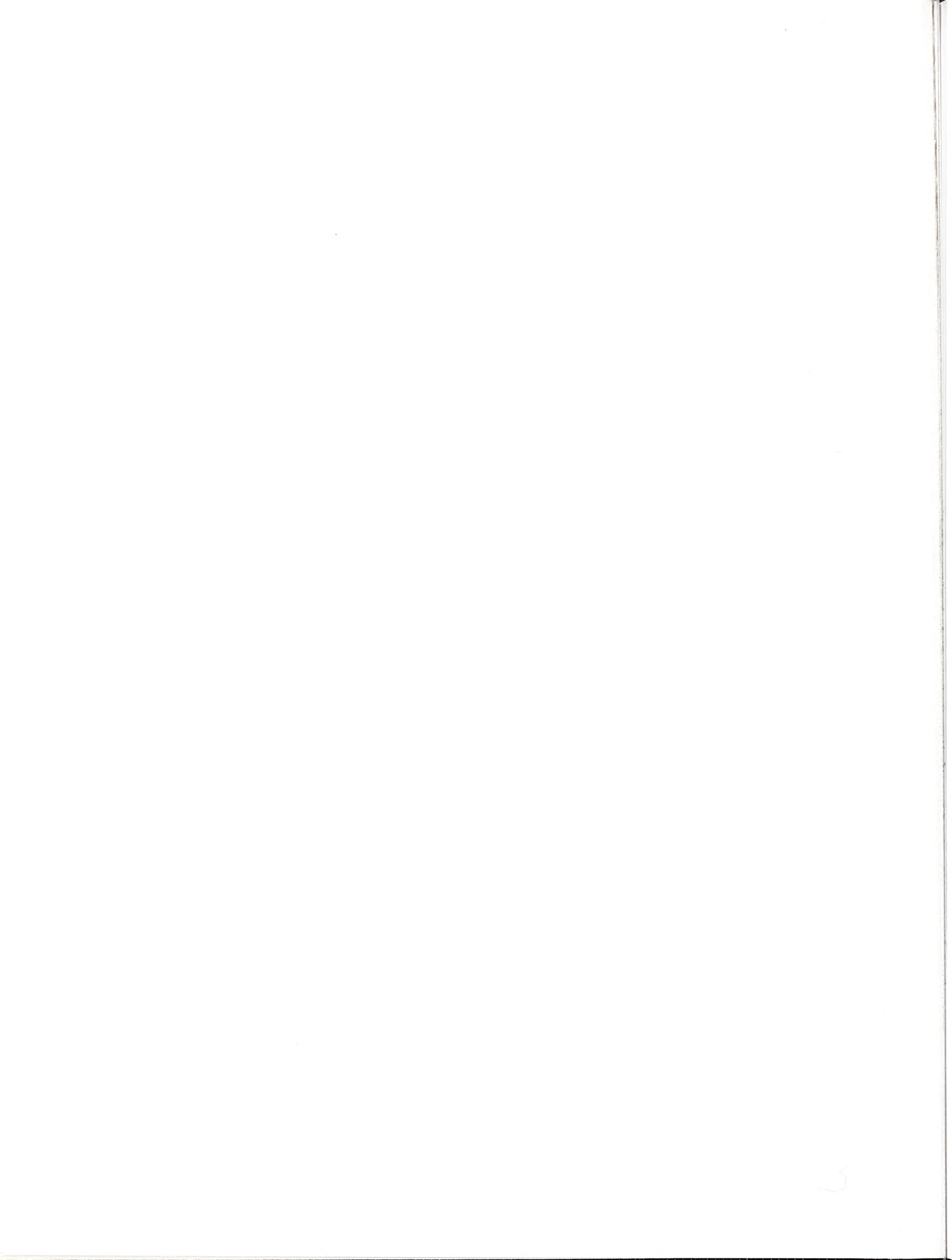
Ferrets like to play.

Their nose is weird.

Their face is cute.

It gets on my nerves...

Their nose is
adorable.



They make so much noise.

They make so
much noise.

They have a disgusting smell.

With proper love
and care they smell
pleasant.

If I got one I would take it
right back to the store.

It needs a home and
a good family to
care for it.

Whatever, I'd NEVER own
one.

FERRETS!

FERRETS!

Fifth Grade-3rd Place (tie)
Mackenzie Anderson

Haverhill Elementary

Halloween Fright

Halloween night,
Such a BIG fright.
Hear the black cat's purr,
as you touch soft fur.
see the *fire* crackle,
Hear the witch's cackle.
Hear the monsters roar,
See the witches soar.
Trick-or-Treat,
Can't be beat!
You better run,
It's so much fun.
Hear the leaves *crunch, crunch, crunch,*
You better *munch, munch, munch.*

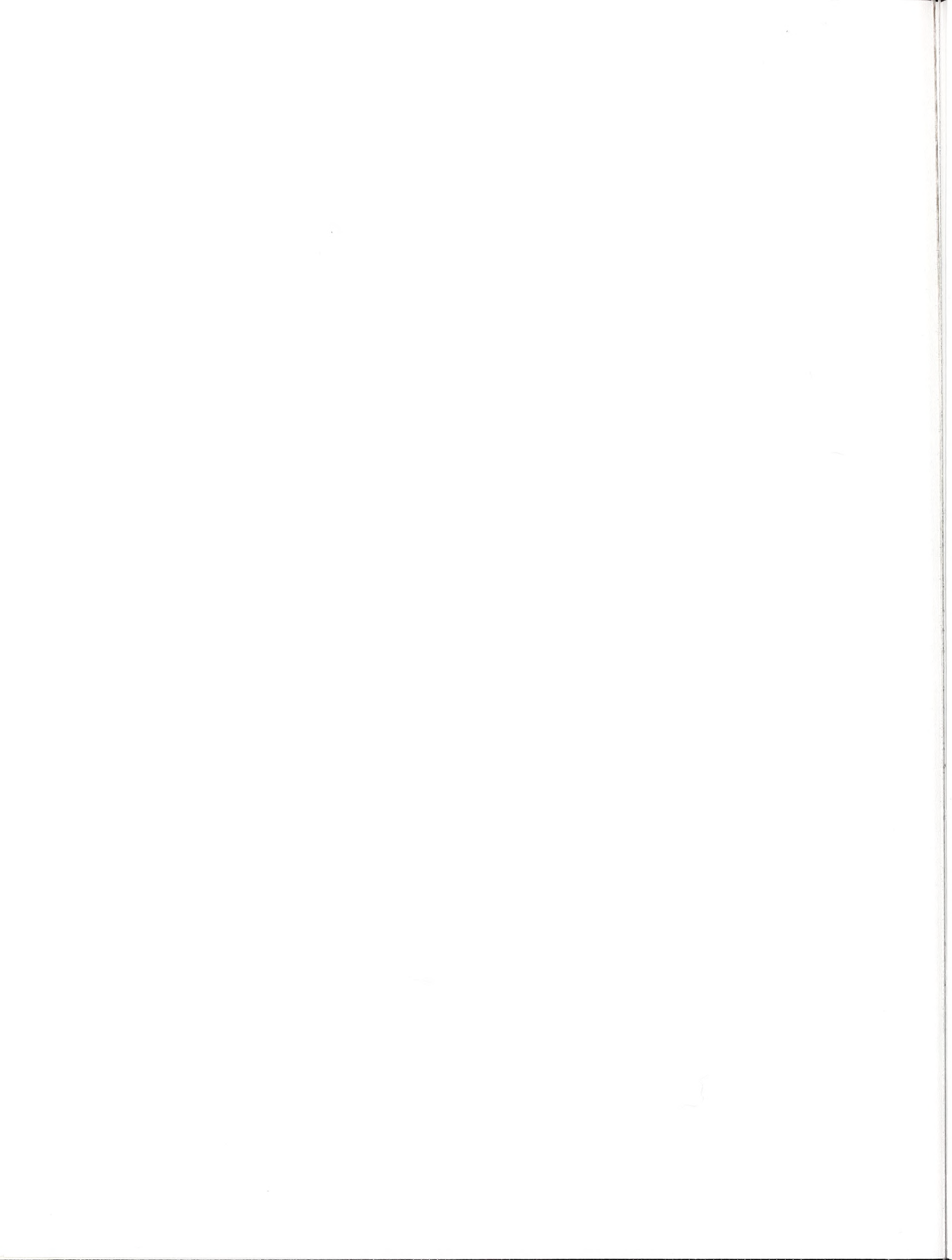
Hear an *eerie* song,
Listen to Ding-Dong.
Hear them ROAR,
See them soar.
Such a fun night,
But such a *fright*.

Fifth Grade-Honorable Mention
Madeline Hildreth

Canterbury School

Just Me

One in a million
In a room
In a building
In a city
In a state
In a country
On a planet
In a universe
On a neverending stretch of life
Sits plain old me
Not on my own
But surrounded by many
Dreaming
About being a person
Who made their mark
To prove that nobody is
One in a million
But right now
I'm fine with being
Just me



Sixth Grade-1st Place
Paulina Rodriguez

Miami Middle School

We were given
 Two hands to hold
 Two legs to walk,
 Two eyes to see,
 Two ears to listen,
But why only one Heart?
 Because the other one
was given to someone for
us
 To Find....

Sixth Grade-2nd Place
Sarah Hobson

Hobson Homeschool

Books

Books,
 Fun, enjoyable,
Entertaining, occupying, calming,
 Living another's life,
 A companion.

Sixth Grade-3rd Place
Simone Corey

Memorial Park

JUST WRITE IT

How will I
 Remember to do
 All of the chores my
 Mother wants me to do
 Tomorrow like cleaning my
 Room, doing the dishes, washing
 My clothes, taking out the trash, dusting
 The china cabinet, doing 3 pages of homework,
And practicing all five of my songs on the piano!?!
 JUST WRITE IT!

No, no, no!
I have a pretty good
Memory myself, right!?!
I mean except the fact that
I'm going to have an awesome
Dream about me being a superhero
Or maybe even famous or-- never mind
That's not important, but still... I don't think I
Can handle remembering all of this, so now what?
JUST WRITE IT!!

No thanks!
I should be fine
On my own. Although,
The thoughts of what to do
Are slowly fading away one by
One, but I still have a 50/50 chance.
uh-oh! I completely forget what t do now!!
I'll just ask my mom again and I guess this time
I perhaps I could you know.....
JUST WRITE IT!!!

Sixth Grade-Honorable Mention
Alejandro Lopez

Memorial Park

My Favorite Utensil

I have
a pencil
It's a
Utensil.
It's in my hand
Stuck like Jam.
It's still in
My hand because
I am a great fan
I really love
My pencil.
It's a very
Helpful utensil.
That's why it's
in my hand stuck
like jam.

A very helpful
Pencil. My favorite
Utensil

**Seventh Grade-1st Place
Randy Swim**

Leo Jr/Sr High School

Fear

Terror.
A frighty, flighty feeling,
Red as blood,
Or black as a still lake

Comes when you don't want it.
A shiver in August,
or a chill breeze by a fire.
Unexpected

Primal
A feeling that people long ago
have felt before
Unrationalized by madness

People pay to get it
Because,
in their everyday world,
Fear is not their usual companion.

Native People lived every day
with fears at their backs
Old terrors now long gone
Or Monsters, that we still fear today

To us, it is now
unrational, untamed.
Long ago, now,
Fear was normal.

Noiseless, abundant,
we ignore it
Until, alone,
We let it rule our minds

Long ago, we made lights,
and drove the darkness from our world
But always,
Fear remains.

Pictures, books,
Images words,
Noises, or the absence of light
all cause it.

Anyone can run,
But they won't escape it.
It follows everyone,
Everywhere they go.

During the day,
We laugh it off, scorn it
But it always returns
to torture us for our mirth.

The tolling of a clock
A swirling tendril of mist
A tree, bare of leaves
All rational, but they scare us all the same.

For in our world of light,
little darkness remains
And where it does,
Few dare to go.

For even the man,
who journeys in darkness,
who carries a beacon
cannot throw off fear.

What are we made of?

The human body is a writing utensil.

Screaming and screeching under pressure and stress, crumbling into bits of dust;

Just as piece of chalk on blackboard does

Bleeding, tearing flesh

Like Sharpie: scarring, seeping through veins of paper

Depended upon unless inconsistent and worn-out

A pen without ink just the same; useless

Wiped out of the picture, ignored and erased

What should be remembered as a Expo marker on a whiteboard

It can burst with beauty and joy

Like Crayons, innocent and reminding us of childhood, when there was no worry

But I think we resemble pencils the most.

Trying to fix errors in life, erasing regrets of the past

Shaving off layers to start anew, sharp

Then morphing back into stubby dullness

The saddest part is that it's like everyone else: replaceable

The human body is capable of chiseling, writing the future

to the way it wishes it to be, limitless, boundless

Instead of blending into the gray of lead upon tests

An judging ourselves by the grade at the top

The human should not compare itself to the writing utensil, but the words that are written
instead

Seventh Grade-3rd Place
Kirsten Lindow

Holy Cross Lutheran

That Feeling

You get that feeling in your stomach.

When you read something you shouldn't have.

Or when you've accidentally seen something you weren't supposed to.

When you feel like your insides sink through your whole body all the way down to your feet.

When you feel as if you're on a never ending r

o l e a t
l s

Seventh Grade-Honorable Mention
Grace Kepple

Summit Middle School

Winter

The snow falls
Encasing us all
In a blanket of white
It blinds us; so bright

I can't help but feel
The warmth at my heels
When I lay down in the cold
The chill no longer has hold

I'm floating and free
my veins buzzing like bees
Filled with mock heat
That no mind can beat

Now I'm awake
The dream was a fake
I boil over with regret
As he comes for me; Death

I'm floating again
Reborn from a den
I can't quite remember
Except that it's
Winter

Seventh Grade-Honorable Mention
Hannah S. Weaver

Pax Classical Academy

Be Wary of Wolves

On the prairie, near the mountains, howling
At the ghostly midnight hour,
Shadowy, menacing figures prowling
Cunning, patient to devour

Impeccable hearing, haunting eyes
Exceptional sniffers, great in size
Run, poor creatures, for your lives
If you fail, it's your demise

Eighth Grade-1st Place
Jacob Tom

Holy Cross Lutheran

Pencil

The pencil
This a great
Invention
It is a super
Awesome
And amazing
Tool that we
All learn to use,
Eventually.
Without it
We would
Lack a device
That would let
Us write and
Correct a
Mistake and
Write on that
Same spot.
Lastly
Without
A great
Pencil

I

Could not have gotten the inspiration to write this poem.

The Autumn Dance

Gold, red, and amber leaves,
Dance in the brisk wind.
Teasing each other,
Spinning in harmony
Swooping, rising, soaring
The wind sings
As they dance,
Golden notes of fall on a blue sky.
Riding the breeze
Gracefully curving, and arcing higher
Before gently spiraling down.
Landing softly, gold tipped,
As the autumn gold sun
Sets down,
Ending the
Dance of Autumn.

Another Day

Sipping a milkshake, creamy and sweet
A delicious summer treat

I hear the sound of buzzing bees
Soaring swiftly through the trees

The smell of the grill wafting through the door
My sister asks, "Can I have more?"

I walk outside and down the road
Out from the grass hops a little brown toad

I finally make it to the park
My mom told me to be home before dark

A local band plays a smooth jazz song
But I cannot stay for very long

I then begin my walk back home
Enjoying all my time alone

At dusk I watch the fireflies
Lighting up the navy skies

And now it's time to go to bed
And lay to rest my tired head

Tomorrow I'll wake up at noon
For yet another day in June

Eighth Grade-Honorable Mention
Ricky Broemmel

Memorial Park

Nervous

There's that warm bubbling sensation
In the pit of your stomach
Like the fizz rising in a soda can

There's that tingling in your toes
Sending your body vibrating
Like a buzzing honey bee

There's that sweat dripping
Down the back of your neck
Like water slinking down the drain

There are those three crazy symptoms
That tell you that you're nervous
And I have each and every one of them.

Ninth Grade-1st Place
Dominic Perugini

Concordia High School

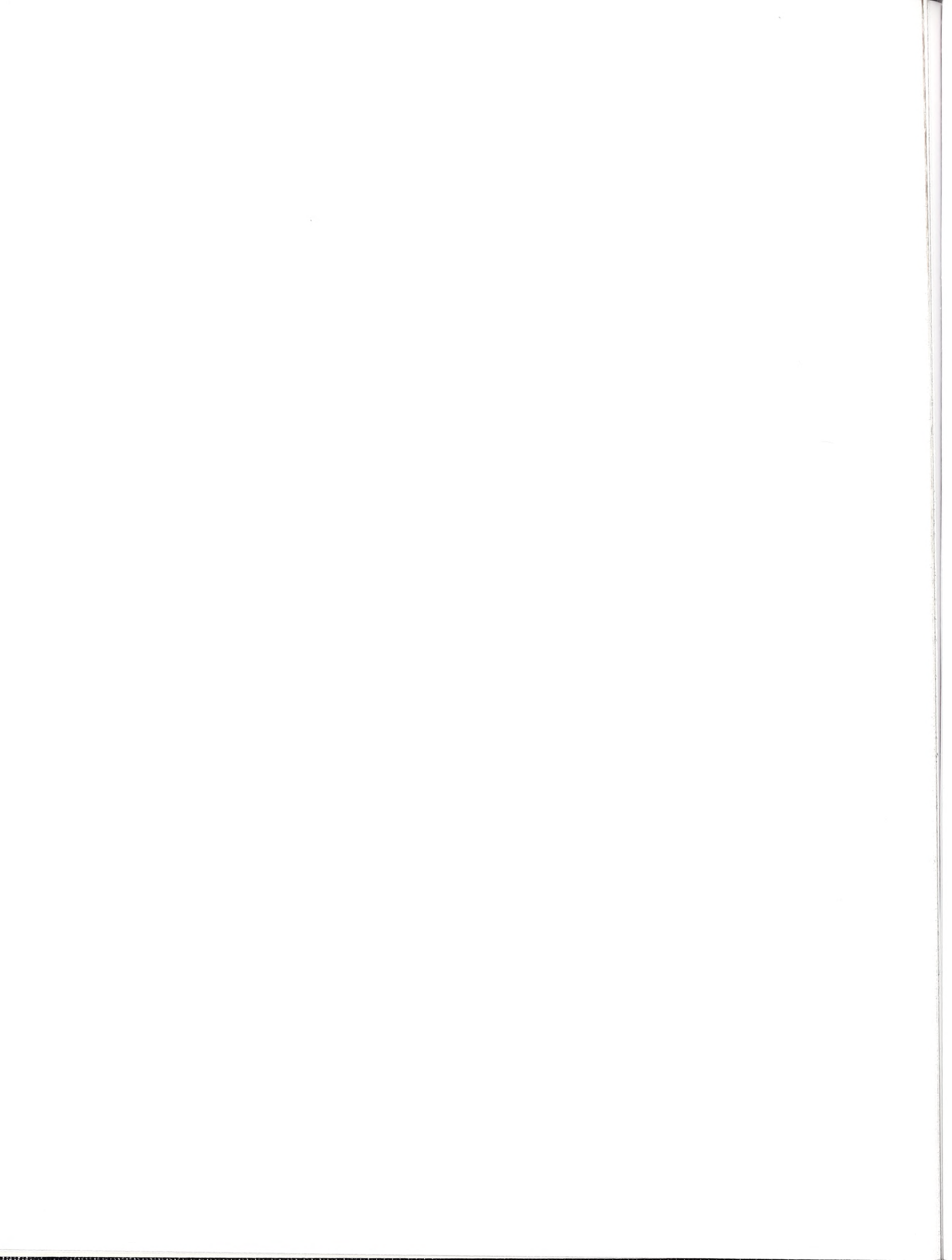
Favorite Things

No place other than the woods
Or standing by a river fishing
Makes me as happy as it could.
Sitting here quietly listening

Nothing else makes me feel the same
As reeling in a big ol' fish
Or in the woods finding some game
Some people are against it but it's the way I live

Cold biting at your face in a tree stand
The sun's warmth shining on you
Listening to my favorite country band
These things are my favorite to do

I'd rather be in the woods or river
Hangin' out with a pole or a quiver



Ninth Grade-2nd Place
Alex Koenemann

Concordia High School

Spring

The cold flower wept with grief for spring

Ninth Grade-3rd Place
Aaron Reynolds

Concordia High School

Music

What would we do without music in life?
This world would be a sad and lonely place.
Its melodious sounds help us in our strife.
It fills the void of the world's empty space.

Trumpets, trombones, tubas, and baritones
Violins, violas, cellos, and bass
They drown out the sounds of humankind's moans,
Chases away sadness and leaves no trace.

Radios, Ipods, human voices all
Combine to make a euphonious sound
That breaks through the gloom and tears down the wall
Where harmony and love are found.

Listen to music, it makes your heart sing
Sing it and play it, great joy it will bring.

Ninth Grade-Honorable Mention
Nick Coomer

Concordia High School

The Fight for Unity

Grey, blue
battling each other who would have known
Brother battling brother
there they lay upon the field at which they used to pick flowers for their mother
Death has come upon them
unity crumbles

We Will Cope

This rainy night,
As shapes fly past the window,
I think of it.

It will change us.
Some change will be good, some hard,
And some just change.

I stare, unseeing,
My heart twisting in my chest.
When will it come?

So much uncertainty,
No one knows when it will come,
Just that it will.

Close ties may fade,
And I will give up some comfort,
But we will cope.

I have forgotten
What it is like to be normal,
But we will cope.

Sometimes I am glad
That it will happen soon, not far-off.
It seems exciting.

But mostly I fear.
I fear change back to the normalcy
Which I no longer know.

This fear holds me.
It holds me from my future,
And pulls me down.

I am afraid.
I fear what will change by it.
What will happen?

But we will cope.
I, and my God, and my friends;
We will cope.

Tenth Grade-2nd Place
Justin Swan

Concordia High School

Silent leaves

Leaves falling down
Onto the dead silent ground
Disturbing nothing

Tenth Grade-3rd Place
Taylor Bryant

Concordia High School

Living Without You

I keep looking all around trying to catch a glance of you

Where you promised you were going to be

But I couldn't find you

You left me there to fend for myself

When the storm came

No one was there to protect me

When I was still hoping that you remembered

You were out there forgetting

Just so you know I don't hate you, I never will

I stopped loving you when I got nothing in return

I cared about you then

I care about you now

You may have forgotten, but I never will

Even though you hurt me I can't seem to let you go

After all this time of hiding in the bushes of life so you would not notice me

I want you to know that

I loved you once

Never again

This hole in my heart will take time to mend

Because of the damage that you have done

But broken hearts do heal

But now tears may be falling

And my thoughts keep circling to you

But soon things will get better

Without you they always have.

Tenth Grade-Honorable Mention
Joycelynn Witherspoon

New Tech Academy
@ Wayne High School

Just Tell Me

4 years, No tears, All laughs

Just Tell Me

Secrets shared, so don't you dare

Just Tell Me

I-O-U's, New hairdo's, with matching shoes

Just Tell Me

Girl talk, while watching Degrassi

You can't see it, my eyes getting glassy,

Please, Just Tell Me

I text first, conversations quickly end

Just Tell Me

Hearing about the fun from other friends, My invite?

Just Tell Me

September's coming to an end, it's been 5 months

Just Tell Me

I caught the hint, but why didn't you vent?

I thought we were more than that..

WE are now I, I've had time to prepare

Don't bother telling me something I already know.

I Dance

When I was just a babe in arms, my feet were taught to dance
From behind all the folds of the one I loved best,
I emerged like the seed of the rose.
At first with a peek and then with a step,
I smiled as they all said, "How cute!"
This shy little girl had found love with the dance,
And the bud was preparing to bloom.
I dance.

The years now have passed and this love still abounds.
My shelter has moved to the side.
The stage lights come up and the music resounds;
And the rose has emerged from the womb.
Passion guides my feet as they glide on the stage,
And I am lost in the moment for a time.
I dance

Intensity reigns as I work through the steps,
And perfection through pain is a goal.
The raging fires call out to me,
As the world seeks to damp them away.
I know in my heart dance will always be my love,
Til the flower has wilted away.
I dance.

Eleventh Grade-2nd Place
Jane Freistroffer

Bishop Dwenger

The Traveler

Among chilled streets, he stands alone
Through dreary nights above the stone.
He grasps his dreams as he takes flight,
Walking with a hidden light.
Though all is fiercely bound with rope,
He holds onto his gleam of hope.
The dark wind howls its eerie song.
He knows his time will not be long.
Seeing the darkness coming near,
He takes the truth and does not fear.
A tune is played but stops too quick.
The candle burns out by the wick.

Eleventh Grade-3rd Place
Claire Gardner

Leo Jr/Sr High School

Tears

The
Tear falls,
Slowly, slowly.
It rolls down her cheek,
Onto her chin, pauses like it's
Trying not to fall. But, it does fall,
Down, down, down, onto her shirt.
The next one falls, and the next after
That, down they go, one after the
Other, all because she let that
One fatal tear slip
Away.

Eleventh Grade-Honorable Mention
Eliese Kurtzweg

Bishop Dwenger

Guardian Angel

First Breath Beat of your heart
First Step Was your solid ground
First Fall Caught you
First Friend Held your hand
First Day of Preschool Right beside you
First Presentation Confidence in your voice
First time-out Comforted you

First race Stride in your step

First Day of High School Empty desk behind you

First Dance Left foot...Right foot

First act of defiance Prayed for you

First fight Cried for you

First Drink Warned you

First Blackout Carried you home

First Car Accident Pillowed your body

First Loss Cried with you

First lesson learned hugged you

First confession Forgave you

First love surrounded you

First child A blessing for you

First tear of joy Smiled upon you

First unemployment Was your breathing hope

First grandchild We witnessed a miracle

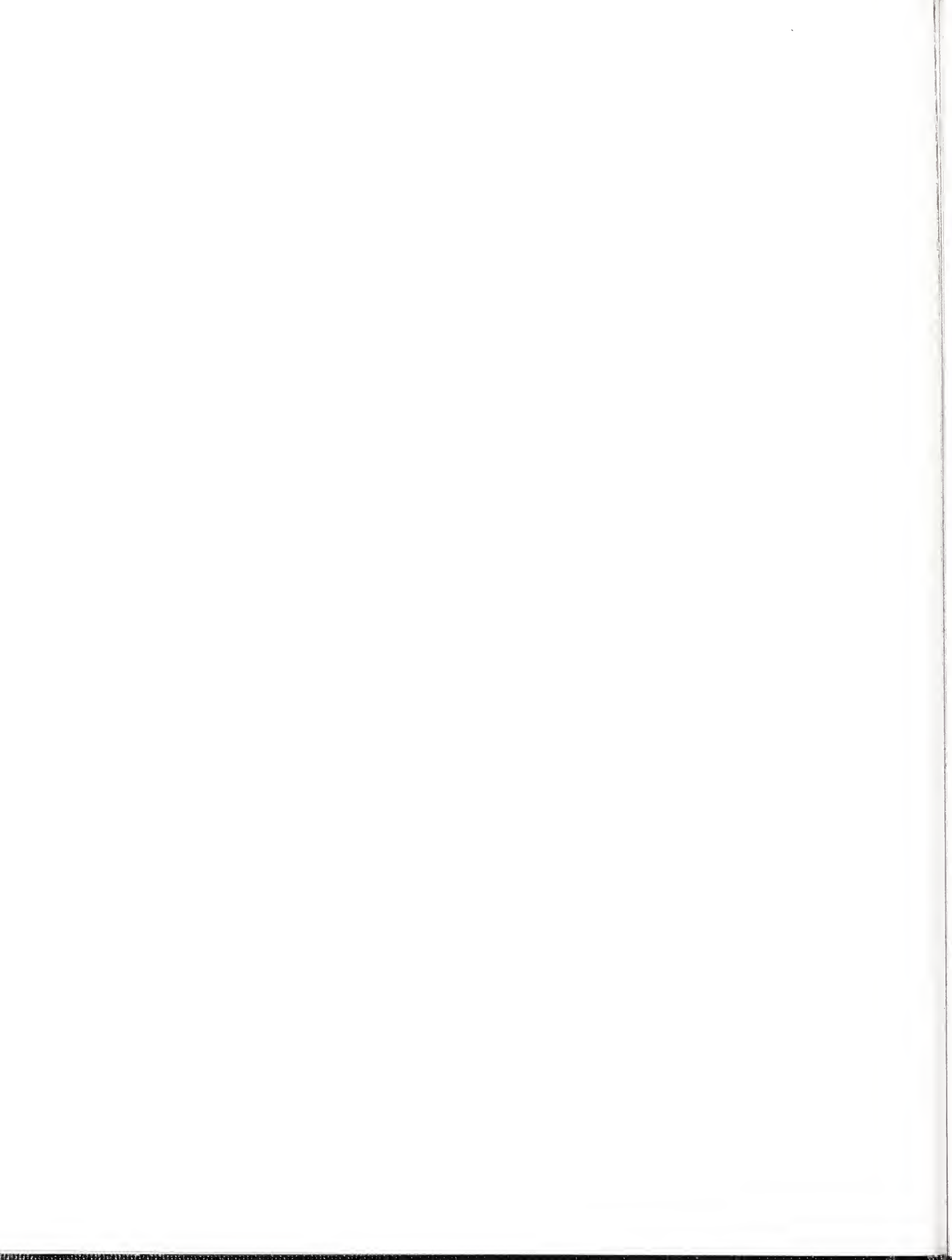
First cancer cell gave you time

First goodbye held you together

Last breath I exhaled with you

I waited for you...

And now we are home



Twelfth Grade-1st Place
Mingyi Sun

Bishop Dwenger

A round moon at that night

Still awake at a fall midnight
Sitting by the window
And looking outside
The moon is hung in the dark silent sky
So round and bright
Going through the gaps of trees
Is the white moonlight
Like soft silk falling on me
Smooth and light

Round moon means gather
But I can't get back to my motherland
Standing in this new and lonely world
Holding my feelings that no one understands
Just use sky as paper
Use moonlight as a pen
Write down a letter full of wishes
To those I love and miss
Looking forward to meeting them sometime again

The other side of the earth
is enjoying the warm sunshine
But after the moonrise
It can hear my blessing through the wind
See my wishes on the sky

If I Were a Rose

I leave footprints in places where no one has walked.
I stray far from the dull path ahead.
With my head in the clouds
I don't follow the crowd.
But if I were a rose, I'd be red.

They say that I'm crazy.
They say that I'm weird.
They question the thoughts in my head.
They taunt me and tease me,
But trust me, believe me...
If I were a rose, I'd be red.

They try to persuade me,
They tell me to change.
I listened no once when they said,
"There's no competition
To keeping tradition!"
Yet, if I were a rose, I'd be red.

They stay in the lines.
They think in the box.
They go down the path they've been led.
I'm different-eccentric.
But truly, I meant it-
If I were a rose, I'd be red.

Twelfth Grade-3rd Place
Larraine Graham

Concordia High School

This mouth
Has shared the slander
And stifled laughter
These ears
Have listened to the gossip
Heard their cries of terror
These hands
Have helped to pass the notes
Have sent the harsh emails
But their mouths
Have remained silent
And now speak no more
And their ears
Heard the harmful words
Which they now hear no more
And their hands
Have shaken with hurt and anger
But now lay lifeless at their sides
And now my heart has changed
My mouth speaks out
My feet stand up
My hands are held out, reaching out
Defending, upholding, loving, and supporting

Twelfth Grade-Honorable Mention
Taryn Ahmed

Concordia High School

<Untitled>

You don't have time to make a title for life.
What's now isn't what was.
Young.
What's now isn't what will be.
Old.
This is the present.
A present.
Something that is offered, presented, or given as a gift.
You don't have time to make a title for life.

What was given.

Birth.

What will be given.

Death.

This is the present.

A life.

You don't have time to make a title for life.

Unexpectedfallsdesperatelyneededhighsshockingtwistsunexplainablefearsuncontrollable
laughsunstoppabletearslongdayslongernightssweetkissesbitterfightsdeephoughtsshallowfriends
deadendsnewbeginnings

You don't have time to make a title for life.

1/25/2013

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